

whom you do not afford even your best coffin.

I cannot but think, then, that the former mode, mediæval and exploded though it be, is a more honourable way of doing honour. For, observe that, in our way, by waste, there is no completeness, nothing perfect. You are always liable to be outdone,—never can say we have given him monuments so great, so nobly wasteful and useless, that no one shall have greater or more useless; whereas, by the old mode, here proposed to be revived, we may say, he has so good a tomb that nobody can ever have a better: the nobleness consisting in completeness, in want of nothing, it becomes a quality not admitting of more or less, not to be reckoned up in the shopkeeper's mode, by feet, or tons, or pounds, like a Nelson column. The respect shown ceases to be a matter of vulgar arithmetic: they honoured him so much and no more.

But do you want to give more work than can possibly be spent (I mean used,—spent improvingly) on such a monument? Then, says Mr. Bull, by his thundering mouthpiece, I must give it in a way that must never be useful. Though half his children be crying for bread or water, or air and piffled health, for rest of which he has wrindled them, for life immolated to his Moloch, and respite of toil wrung out at bloody price for his ravities,—he must show how much he can throw away, how much he can make useless in honour of a hero. But alas, Mr. Bull, you attempt an impossibility. You cannot make what you give useless. You give only money, and, spite of all you can do, this will be useful,—useful to the jobbers, to those you pay to waste it,—pay, to waste the people's labour for you: that is all you can waste,—not your own sacrifice, but what you force out of them. If waste be your sacrifice, you have none to give of your own, you are obliged to steal it. You can only honour—with your poor neighbour's ewe lamb.

A long while ago, when Mr. Bull could afford to be more honest,—could afford many things he cannot now,—many real sacrifices and real monuments to the departed,—it is curious to observe his parsimony of useless ones, or rather his total ignorance of them. Though giving men of little renown far nobler and handsomer monuments than Nelson's, he seems never to have taken up more room or material than was necessary for a tomb (even then often used as an altar), unless making the monument also a market-cross, well, chapel, conduit, or something else decidedly useful, though not to the builders. Their notion of the sacrificial nature of a monument seems to have been, not that it must be profuse to others, but only to themselves,—not a piece of useless work, but of unforced useful work,—something that sheer necessity would either not have made at all, or not so well. There are abundance of things eminently useful that will not pay their doers *five per cent.* (though with Mr. Bull these terms seem synonymous), and that will never be wrung out by the pressure of pure necessity—things that never have been nor will be done but by a Lamp of Sacrifice,—such sacrifice as made Adrian's Bridge, for instance, last to carry you over, when it need not have carried Attila, and under Robert Stephenson's engineering would not have carried even Constantine,—such sacrifice as made the Aqua Julia to be drunk in 1852, when it need not have been in 52, on Mr. Bull's principles,—such sacrifice as made your market-crosses, needlessly but not uselessly, as solid and beautiful as chorches,—such sacrifice as alone can make any human work better than pigs' work, or make any not show to all time that its makers hated it.

Thus, you see, between the old lamp of sacrifice and the new lamp of waste, there is a wide distinction, which it is a pity Ruskin did not more clearly insist upon. The former shows us a vast province of human work, useful and yet peculiarly fit to be monumental; an order of work totally removed from either the modern "monuments," the Nelson Column class of things, or from what Lord Ingestre proposes. For the error of that proposal, evidently originating in the best feeling, seems to

me to be not in being useful, but in being necessary, in being a work required by common honesty. We must pay for sewers, whether we pay for a Wellington Monument or not. Therefore, says Lord Ingestre, to save the expense of the latter, let us call sewers Wellington Monuments. It is an expedient thoroughly English; like Mamma's for cheating John out of his birthday and keeping it on Ash Wednesday.—"You know, John, Ash Wednesday only comes once a year, and we can pretend it is the 19th, we can call it so." The device is quite characteristic of the country *per excellence* of mendacious names, Crystal Palace, Waterloo-bridges, and the like.

But is there no step between calling sewers Wellingtons, and hindering sewers in honour of Wellington?—between calling a work of common justice, or a denial thereof his monument? For observe, you cannot break off the connection with sewers, not at least in a monument of waste. They follow you and dare you. What can you give that is not due to sewers or the like? Poor Mr. Bull! You think your column is quite genteel, and has nothing to do with sewers, because the word is not cut on its pedestal. Why, cannot you see that, if not a sewer, it is a sewer robber? Do not think you show better taste than Lord Ingestre because it will never be called so. Those above look at the thing, not the name. The great Duke would rather be honoured with a great sewer even, than a great robbery of sewers. The Man of Duty would rather have a duty than a delay of duty called after him. Better pretend sewers are his monuments falsely, than have a figure in the next cholera-list his monument's monument truly.

Well, whether commercial enterprise will ever supply sewers (as well as sewer-hindrances) remains to be seen; but this I know, that there are many life-important things it never will. These, however, are the more fit to make monuments on that account. But coming to useful things not vital, will it ever supply such a thing as Waterloo-bridge, think you? Or would it ever, except by mistake? No: I will tell you what it will supply in that time, *tabular and chain-suspended bridges*.—those structures of which Rennie swore before a Parliamentary Committee, that (as any man of common mechanical knowledge can see) they are "always in action," "always at work," always wearing out in the inaccessible joints and points of contact, hour by hour invariably weaker, till the last feather on the last crossing load destroys them at a moment's warning; those structures of which none can, in the common course of things, go out of use, but by the precipitation of an extraordinary living load; those bridges of which more have *thus* fallen, with mangled crowds, in the half century of their use, than bridges had fallen *harmlessly*, or decayed gradually, in all Europe for twenty centuries before. These it will supply, and deliberately count the saving and pocket its per centage out of future trainloads of mangled limbs; these, till it can devise some cheaper expedient to make money in one generation out of the blood of another; these, ghastly portentous monuments of latter-day knavery, that stand prepared, like old Britain's basket-work colossi, to immolate human beestomls to a worse god than Woden. These it will supply: such bridges as Waterloo it supplies only by oversight.

Now, I have heard talk of Mr. Bull taking advantage of this oversight, to buy this monument, so that its name may be no longer a lie; and, by the addition of a few sculptures, or even inscriptions only, obtain a very costly Wellington memorial at comparatively little cost to himself. Of course, though making it his own commercially, he could not, though crossing it toll-free from the day of the funeral, call it his own as a monument, unless he had paid the full cost price, which I suppose is more than he would afford for any monument, even Wellington's. But what I would observe is, that this payment, supposing it obtainable, would be as waste, like column-building, but all pure wasteless liberality. For look you, whatever is wasted work in the bridge, has been wasted already. Mr. Bull would be

wasting nothing, causing no loss of labour, only transferring a loss from others to himself. But this is not the greatest feature of the change. The loss was there by blunder only; it is his by choice, which makes all the difference between an ignoble loss and a noble expenditure. It not only changes hands, but changes its nature; and in passing to Mr. Bull, from laughable it becomes honourable,—from a monument of mere oversight, a monument of liberality and noble sacrifice.

But if the purchase, at full cost price, would thus be a true lawful and wasteless monumental work, of course the purchase at any less price, above the present marketable value, would be equally unobjectionable: provided Mr. Bull explained by an inscription along the frieze that it was not altogether his own, monumentally, and in what proportion not so. And he might still make any sculptural additions. The great want of the design, is doubtless *pinnacle masonry*, on the tops of the piers; and nothing would be so beautiful or noble for this purpose, if the age could only make them tolerably, as statues about 20 feet high, and standing five or six above the parapet; but rather than make these as we should, I fancy the next best thing would be monolithic flattened obelisks, of about the same height, filling each recess, with a boldly moulded (or perhaps leafy) base where they spring from the present coping; and (as the name suggests) rather a Waterloo than a Wellington memorial panels on each broad face, those toward the road containing lists of the names of all officers, and, if possible, all privates who fell (or at least their numbers in each regiment), and those toward the river, deep-cut medallion-portraits of the commanders.

I. On the Frieze and Architrave (the fillet between being effaced):—

1st Arch	Began 1815	finished 1818.
2nd ..	Brought to bear	
3rd ..	'the nation's jewels	
4th ..	when she buried	
Middle ..	WELLINGTON.	
6th Arch ..	who saved her	
7th ..	with so little loss	
8th ..	she writes it all	
9th ..	on twenty stones.	

The projecting pieces over the piers to be ornamented only, not inscribed.

II. On the foot of each list on the stones:—  
Fell in saving England, 14th June, 1815.

Thus, Sir, I conceive we have a mode of spending equally well and monumentally, any amount, large or small: at least from the present market price of the bridge up to its cost price (any amount) I rely to be devoted to this great memory: and in any case with equal completeness and propriety,—without attaching the hero's name to either a sewer or a sewer-hinderer,—without mocking the sons of toil with a display of wasted toil,—without forcing our consciences to a refuge in the deadly sophistry of "making employment,"—without giving work to work-wasters, jobbers, or sham artists,—without taking part in the Satanic occupation (which some of us profess ourselves so near devilhood as to think our place 'our office') of wasting human labour, and "supporting" labour wasters.

The notions, then, I would strive to advocate respecting sepulchral and monumental works are these:—

1. That where we afford a permanent coffin or sarcophagus, it is better to place the body inside than outside the same.
2. That there is no reason whatever (except jobbery), for separating the three functions of a coffin, tomb, and monument,—to build the remains, to mark their place, and to publish our respect; but that all the noblest sepulchres, in the greatest times and places, have, in a single work, fulfilled all three ends. (And modern science makes this all the more easy, because the two pieces of a sarcophagus can be held together air-tight and inseparably by simply pouring uncontractible type-metal into a pair of dovetail grooves cut round the meeting faces of the two stones.)
3. That in all epitaphs the name or names of the deceased, be they one or ten thousand, forms the most essential and only indispensable part of the writing.